The Lancaster Ledger.

T HURLOW S CARTER, Editor and Manager

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The political situation in Europe continues to grow darker.

The farmer who is feeding his wheat to his horses should, in the opinion of the Courier-Journal, hold both his wheat and his horses until he digests the fact that wheat will be wheat in the world's markets during the year ahead of us.

A business man of Canada, of an enterprising nature, has established a "floating bank" on Kootenai Lake, Canada. It is in a steamer which journeys from place to place along the lake; thus enabling its owner to supply the inhabitants of the lake villages with banking facilities.

The new warships are a credit to the Nation. Recently the Philadelphia made the run from Rio de Janeiro to Callao, a distance of 5000 miles, in twenty days and eighteen hours, without stopping anywhere for coal. This was a speed of 242 miles a day and a continuous run of twenty-one days without stopping at any coaling station.

A poor old man, who once was a well-to-do merchant in Wisconsin, and likewise was of much State renown as a public speaker of force and persuasiveness, has been taken to the almshouse in Baraboo, weak in mind and poverty-stricken, and past eighty years of age. "The poorhouse is hospitable when all other friends fail," is the comment of the New York Times.

Some idea of the enormous proportions the business of hotel keeping has assumed in this country may be gained, declares the New Orleans Picayune, from the fact that there are in the United States upward of 50,000 hotels, exclusive of what may properly be termed inns and taverns, and what are commonly known as apartment-houses, although the latter are in many instances conducted as hotels, in that they have a common kitchen and dining-room.

The method of harvesting wheat on the great bonanza ranches of the Dakotas is said to have amazed the foreign Agricultural Commissioners at the World's Fair. To clear up 640 acres of wheat in one day with 150 hands and forty-five harvesters is a feat which has been paralleled in California, Nebraska and other big Western grain States, but it is doubtful, thinks the San Francisco Chronicle, if any part of Europe can show such rapid work.

Deer and bears are reported to be more plentiful now in the "great woods" of Oxford County, Maine, than at any other time during the present generation. These woods extend, in a belt from four to six miles wide, from Dixfield away up into the untrodden wilderness of Northern Maine, and much of the area has seldom been visited by sportsmen. Driven from the hunting grounds about Rangeley Lake the game took refuge in these woods, and have multiplied there unmolested.

Life insurance companies are becoming the holders of enormous masses of capital, notes the New York Tribune. Statistics made public at the last meeting of the National Association of Life Underwriters show that the companies taking no account of assessment corporations and societies, hold assets to the value of $850,000,000, that they receive from policy holders about $175,000,000 a year, that their gross income is nearly $220,000,000 annually, and that they pay about $100,000,000 annually to the insured in the form of death losses, surrenders and dividends.

The Atlanta Constitution says: Congressman Brosius, of Pennsylvania, is a man who has a vivid recollection of his experience during the war. He came near losing his life in the fight with Pickett's forces at Green Plains. He was one of the 300 men who charged across a wheat-field, a third of a mile in width upon a Confederate rifle pit and of the number only 125 came out alive. The Confederates waited until the storming party was within twenty-five yards of the pit and then they opened deadly fire, he tells. Brosius, who was a boy of nineteen, stopped to pick up a wounded comrade, and as he did so a rifle ball pierced his shoulder, shattering the blade and making him a cripple for life. He still carries a memento of that day in the shape of a pocket diary, which he wore in his vest. There is the mark of a bullet in it that would have gone through the young soldier's heart if it had not been stopped by the book.

THE POPPIES IN THE CORN.

When the mist in pearly columns
Rises o'er the hilltops gray,
And the dews of early dawning
In the grasses melt away,
Then the sun in softened splendor
Sheds his first rays thro' the morn,
Lo, they kiss the sleepy faces
Of the poppies in the corn.

O'er the scene there falls a silence,
All the twittering song-birds still;
As the lark, his far flight taking,
Circles toward the distant hill,
Up and upward, flies triumphant,
Earth-bred warbler, heaven-born,
Till a song steals down from cloudland
O'er the poppies in the corn.

Slowly comes the hush of noontide,
Not a leaf sways on the trees,
Not a dew-drop on the grasses,
Not the whisper of a breeze.
Glows the sun in scorching fury,
One wee butterfly forlorn,
Fanting falls in dying struggles
On the poppies in the corn.

Soft a breeze comes rustling over,
Sighing thro' the cedars tall,
Stirs the grapes in hanging clusters
On the mold'ring vine-clad wall,
Sinks the sun in amber glory,
Dies the day as night is born,
One wee star peeps through the twilight
At the poppies in the corn.

—[Maud E. Kendrick, in Boston Globe.

JEAN DE THOMMERAY.

It was in the country, near the forest not far from the Seine, in the modest villa where I hoped to spend my old age, that I saw Jean de Thommeray for the first time. He was scarcely twenty-two. Some [illegible] signed with my name had won his [illegible] to me, and he presented himself [illegible] with no other recommendation than his good appearance and his desire to know me. The sympathy of the young has an irresistible attraction. It is very sweet to be able to draw them when one is approaching the autumn of life. I was the more willing to give him a welcome that I could do so without any effort, for he was really charming. I see him now as he stood at my gate, a slender, noble-looking fellow, his face shadowed with the down of youth; straight nose, blue eyes, fair forehead; his hair, fine and of an ashy blonde, waved above the temples. His ease of manner and language, the elegant simplicity that showed in his dress, everything, reflected credit on the fireside by which he had grown up.

It was a clear April day; we walked together in the woods of Meudon. Though many years divided us, we conversed like two friends. He had generous impulses, holy illusions, all the happy and ardent feelings of his age. He believed in the good, he admired the beautiful, he dreamed of love and glory. Where did he come from? In what latitude was he born? What star had shone over his cradle? Who and what was this Jean de Thommeray, who at the end of an hour's talk had spoken neither of women, nor horses, nor yet of his friends' incomes?

Thanks to the confidences he gave me without my asking, I soon found out all about him. His father, who came of a good old Breton family, had studied in Paris in the days when patriotism and liberty ranked as high as letters and arts among the young men of modern ideas. The Breton gentleman felt the influences of this awakening in the flood of thought, and, without giving up the traditions of honor in his family, he set sail with the current. He loved, with a pure, delicate, romantic love, a poor, young girl of good family, of Irish descent, and married her. When his studies ended, he went back to Brittany. The hereditary domain that sheltered their tenderness was in one of the wild and quiet valleys of Old Amorica. It consisted of a farm and manor, of a castle, which was protected by an old grove from the winds that swept across the valley from the mountains. Here Monsieur de Thommeray lived, like his forefathers, the life of a country gentleman, hunting, riding horseback, visiting neighbors, improving his land; while his wife "la belle Irlandaise," as they called her, gave hereself up to domestic affairs and governed her household with grace and authority. Though he had taken root in this primitive life, he was faithful to the tastes and inclinations of his youthful days. He never went beyond the circle of his remembrances, and for him nothing beyond them seemed to exist. Time, which never stops, seemed to have forgotten him on the way. It was a happy family—he, his wife, and three sons. The elder and the second son showed no taste for study or literature, but Jean, the little one, more delicate than his brothers, grew up under his mother's gentle wing with a strong sense of the beauties and harmonies of creation and a love of books. While his brothers walked and rode over the farm and led a hardy and rustic life, Jean, read, dreamed, or composed little Breton poems that his mother proudly compared to "Moore's Irish Melodies," and that excited the admiration of his father. His brothers, too, were proud of his gifts and his charming ways, and even of his weakness when a little fellow, for that seemed to claim their protection. But one morning, not long before the time I first met him, Jean embraced them all and set out for Paris, filled with the same illusions that his father had had before him.

Two or three years passed. I did not know what had become of Jean. I supposed that he must have left Paris, and that he was living peacefully in his father's home. He had evidently forgotten me. I was not surprised at that. As for me, I thought of him from time to time. A journey I made into Brittany revived in my heart the memory of my young friend, when I learned one day that I was only a few leagues from the Manor of Thommeray. I arrived at nightfall at the house I loved to think of as the asylum of happiness. I found the family assembled, and, not seeing Jean, naturally I asked for him. M. de Thommeray answered me briefly. "Monsieur," he said, "we have only two sons now—these whom you see. We never speak of the one we have lost."

Was Jean dead? No; the attitude of M. de Thommeray, his voice, his language and his gesture were not those of a father who has buried his son. During my visit his mother found an opportunity of speaking to me alone. She told of her son and of the sorrow he had brought upon them—how he had compromised himself, falling lower and lower from day to day, in the wicked world of Paris, and how his family no longer looked upon him as their own. She made me promise to go to see him, to write to her and to let her know how he lived, to hide nothing from her. Could this be the same Jean de Thommeray whom I had known? How could he have fallen so low from the heights where I had left him?

I went back to Paris. I found him living in richly furnished apartments, and held out his hand to me with an easy grace, as if he had not a pang in the world—as if the luxury, in the midst of which I had surprised him, had been bought by the efforts of a glorious and honest labor, instead of the fruits of the gaming table. He began to excuse himself for having so long neglected me.

"All that is excused," I said. "I have come from Brittany where I saw your parents, and as you have always spoken of them with respect, I am only fulfilling a duty when I come to tell you of the sad state in which I found them"——

"Thanks, Monsieur, you need not go on." He interrupted me calmly and with a tone of great urbanity. "It is nothing new you tell me. My way of living is a subject of scandal and trouble to my family. My brothers disown me, my mother weeps in secret, my father no longer knows me. Well, sir, be my judge. I am not a saint. Not being able to reform the age as I once thought of doing, you remember, I have ended by adopting its ways and wearing its livery. It seems to me that, in a society where money is a god, not to be rich would be an impiety. I have played, I do not deny it, and I have always won. By my skillful playing I keep up the state of the house and belongings I won by my luck. My parents lived according to the manners of their time. I live according to the ways of my own."

It was sad to hear this young man exult in his fall and glory in his ruin. All about him betrayed the habits of the life he now led. His very smile, once so sweet and clear, had a cold expression like the hard luster of steel. He told me his story—how he had been basely deceived and robbed of his last centime by a woman whom he thought deserving of his heart's devotion, in spite of his mother's penetration, which had sounded the depths of unworthiness in the character hidden beneath the charms of beauty and [illegible] manner; how, when he came to his senses, his youth was dead, and a new and a worse man had come to live within him. He believed no more in anything good.

"There are no longer any women!" he said.

"You are mistaken," I replied. "We have mothers, sisters, friends, wives, who every day and every hour quietly accomplish miracles of goodness, devotion and charity. Society is not as bad as you think it, but you, you, sir, are much worse than I feared. Still, why not return to your family, who are grieving for you? Your youth is not dead, it is waiting for you there."

"It is too late! I must confess to you that since my sojourn at Baden the gambling fever has never left me. Let us live and enjoy ourselves—after us the deluge! It is now my hour for the bourse, and to my regret I am obliged to leave you."

"One word more," I said, rising. "Until now you have been successful; but fortune will not always be on your side. What will you do when she betrays you? For that day will surely come."

"Let it come. I am ready."

"You will kill yourself," I said. He did not answer. "And God—and your mother?" After a moment's hesitation he held out his hand. I took it.

"You have fallen low indeed, my boy. This explains the sorrow of your family. I understand it, and I share it. But, even now, I do not give you up——" He smiled sadly and I left him.

A few days after this I wrote to Madame de Thommeray and gave an account of my interview with Jean. I did not try to see him again. Other thoughts occupied me. War was declared. The enemy was already marching on Paris; the world was filled with the noise of our disasters.

Whoever did not see Paris during the last days of the siege cannot form an idea of the physiognomy of the city at that time. The confusion and flight brought on by the first news of our defeat gave way to manly thoughts and noble resolves. Every one was ready for great sacrifices. A current of heroism ran through all hearts. Men watched on the ramparts; citizens, transformed into soldiers, drilled in the squares and gardens with their muskets and rifles; all classes mingled and fused together, forming only one soul—the soul of their country. I lived in the streets during those feverish days, attracted by every noise, mingling in the crowd, gathering all the news. One morning on the Quai Voltaire, between the Pont-Royal and the Bridge des Saints-Peres, I met Jean, face to face.

"At last!" I said, greeting him. "And you have staid? I am glad."

"Yes, I have staid here," he replied. "I was obliged to look after my fortune. Now it is all arranged. I have drawn out all my money, and I leave this evening to go and live in a foreign land."

"You are going away!" I exclaimed. "When your country is in agony you think of leaving her?"

"My country, Monsieur! The wise man carries his country wherever he goes. You, yourself, what are you doing here?"

"I have not returned only to go away again. I am not worth much; but here I have known good and bad days. Paris has given me whatever good I have in me. I wish to share her dangers, if only by my presence. I will live in her emotions, I will help to bear her anguish, and if we must suffer hunger, I shall have the honor of suffering with her! But you, Jean de Thommeray! But you! I knew you were changed for the worse, but I did not think you were fallen so low. The land is invaded, and you, a young man, instead of seizing a musket, catch hold of your pocketbook! The fortunes of France are on the verge of ruin, and you have no other care than to realize your future. To morrow the enemy will be at our gates, and you strap up your valise and fly like a coward! It was not enough [illegible] have plunged your family into mourning and despair. You must inflict this shame also, upon them!"

A quick blush rose to his forehead. A light shone in his eyes.

"Pardon, monsieur, pardon. These are very grand words, it seems to me. You are too young and I am too old for us to understand each other. I am not running away. I am *going* away. There is nothing here to keep me. Paris does not interest me. It is only just that she should be punished. As for my family, they are safe enough from the dangers of war, and I do not see why I should be forbidden to seek for myself, in Brussels, or in London or Florence, the peace and security they enjoy in Brittany."

My heart was sick and disgusted. I turned away, when suddenly Jean started with surprise. "Listen," he said. I listened, and heard a strange music, the tones of which, vague at first and indistinct, grew louder and seemed to be coming toward us. I looked, too, as I listened. I saw beyond the bridge of Solferino an immense crowd, who came on singing. It was a slow, grave chant, almost religious, and had nothing in common with the bursts of song to which we were accustomed. Jean leaned against the parapet. I saw that he was very pale. In the meantime, the confused mass approached nearer and nearer, and became less and less confused. Now, I recognized the *chant de la Bretagne* and then sound of the *biniou* the *gardes mobiles* of Finisterre were entering Paris. The tuft or ermine in their military caps, the gray cloth uniforms, the knapsack strapped behind, told all about them as they advance with a correct and firm step, marching by platoons and filling the whole width of the *quai*. At their head on horseback rides the chief of the battalion; behind him, the chaplain and two lieutenants. The head of the column is now only a few steps from us. It is my turn to be startled. I look at Jean. His hand falls upon mine. "My father! My two brothers" he says in a low voice. And he sees passing before him, under their most striking forms, the eternal truths that he has so long disowned or forgotten—God, country, duty and family! The long pageant of his honest and noble days defiles before him singing as the troops go by. I gave him the last blow. On one of the balconies of the *quai* I have just seen his mother.

"You unfortunate fellow!" I exclaim. "You said there were no longer any women. Look, there is one; do you recognize her?"

Madame de Thommeray waves her handkerchief, the Breton chant redoubles in fervor, and the chief of the battalion, with the courtesy of a knightly gentleman, bows in his saddle and salutes her with his sword. Mute and motionless, with sad eyes and dry eyelids, Jean seems turned to stone. I leave him to the mercy of God.

The next day, in the courtyard of the Louvre, the Commandant de Thommeray called the roll of his battalion. The call finished, he passed down the ranks, when a soldier stepped out and said:

"Commandant, one of your men was forgotten."

"What is your name?"

"My name is Jean," answered the volunteer, lowering his eyes.

"Who are you?"

"A man who has lived badly."

"What do you wish?"

"To die well."

"Are you rich or poor?"

"Yesterday I possessed an ill-gotten fortune. I have resigned it voluntarily. I have now only my musket and my knapsack."

"That is well." And with a gesture he ordered the young man to return to the ranks. There was a long silence. The Commandant had again taken his place in front of the battalion. "Jean de Thommeray!" he called out. A manly voice answered: "*Present!*"—[From the French of Jules Sandeau.

Came Home in a Shipwreck.

Among the shipwrecked sailors who were saved by the life-saving crews along the New Jersey coast in the recent storm was one grizzled old salt who was picked up near South Amboy in an exhausted condition, but still clinging to a broken spar. When able to speak he said his name was Jacob Wood, and that a quarter of a century ago he was well known in that section of the country. He had sailed away as captain of the bark Emma in the early part of 1871, leaving a family at Morristown, N. J. For twenty-two years he has been drifting about the world, and what had become of his family he did not know.

Captain Wood had become injured by the floating wreckage, so he was cared for in a house in the neighborhood. Mrs. Frances Briggs, a resident of Brooklyn, happened to be visiting some friends near South Amboy, and when she learned that the shipwrecked sailor's name was Jacob Wood, she astonished her friends by saying he must be her grandfather, who was supposed to have been lost at sea over twenty years ago. Then she hurried to the house and found her hopes realized. The captain's son has taken him to his home.—[Chicago Herald.

Scavengers of the Body.

Floating about the body with the blood are numerous cells which seem to go around on their own hook. In the lungs they are found in great numbers. When they come across any disease germ or other foreign particle, they eat it up or carry it away to some place where it cannot do any harm. Thus they serve the purpose of scavengers. Unfortunately, so many wicked germs are floating about in the dust that occasionally they make their way into the system of a healthy person and cause trouble. Most dreadful of all such micro-organisms is the bacillus of consumption, which breeds in the human lungs and destroys them. Cholera has been exciting much dismay of late, but it is a complaint of trifling importance compared with consumption. In Europe 3000 persons die every day of consumption, while in the United States the same disease kills 100,000 people a year.—[Washington Star.

NOVEL CLOCK.

Not Exactly Perpetual Motion, Yet It Requires No Winding.

The little town of Amedee, in Lassen county, possesses, what it sometimes claims to be the hottest mineral springs in the world.

The springs, and there are several of them, are close together, but are divided into groups by the railroad track. In grading the track-bed the workmen closed a vent, or opened one, and a spring that had theretofore been a well-behaved spring suddenly became aggressive, forming a geyser that rises to the height of five or six feet every thirty-eight seconds with the regularity of clockwork. This is invariable and a local inventor proposes that it shall in reality become a clock. This novel timepiece will be a large one erected on the piazza near the depot. Its outward appearance will be that of the ordinary town clock.

Imbedded in the basin of the geyser will be a small lead box, from which will project a small steel lever, the outer end of which is slightly widened to offer resistance to the water as it spurts upward. This lever is really the terminus of one of two wires that communicate with the clock. This lever is on a knuckle joint hidden in the box, that will allow it to play upward but not downward below the level.

Behind the face of the clock is merely a ratchet wheel connecting with the minute hand, a brass dog, which is soldered to the armature of a coil magnet, identical with that of the ordinary telegraph instrument, and a jar of gravity battery. The lever in the little lead box bears exactly the same relation to the magnet in the clock as the key of the telegraph instrument does to the sounder.

When the water bursts from the geyser it carries the little lever up far enough to come in contact with the other terminus and the connection is made. The magnet draws the armature and dog to it, which moves the ratchet wheel one notch, or, in time, moves the minute hand forward thirty-eight seconds. When the geyser subsides the current is broken and an opposing coil spring pulls back the dog in readiness for the next move. The hour hand is moved every quarter hour only.

The hands are balanced on the inside and the work is so well done that less than a weight of one ounce is required to move the clock.—[San Francisco Examiner.

Marriage in Burmah.

Destitution is almost unknown, and the wants of life in the temperate climate of Burmah are more easily satisfied than in the colder countries of northern Europe. A young Burmese couple can start life with a dah and a cooking-pot. The universal bamboo supplies materials for building the house, lighting the fire, carrying the water from the well, and may even help to compose the dinner itself. The wife is usually prepared to take a share in supporting the household, and thus she has gradually acquired a position of independence not always enjoyed by married women elsewhere. It has been decided that, under the ancient Buddhist custom prevailing in Burmah, a husband cannot alienate property jointly acquired after marriage without the consent of his wife. Few marriages take place where either party is under fifteen, and the usual age is between fifteen and twenty-five. Polygamy now practically no longer exists, although in ancient times the Burmese were polygamists as well as slaveholders. Most Burmese have only one wife, and few more than two. The first, or head wife, is usually the choice of the husband in his youth, and when she ceases to have children she often assists in the choice of a young wife, who is bound to obey her. The ease with which divorce is obtained is said to be one of the causes why polygamy is so rare. The terms of divorce are based on ancient rules, one of which is that the party wishing the separation can take his or her property and no more; the other party takes all the rest, including the children. The safeguard against caprice is, husbands is not merely public opinion, which condemns too frequent divorces, but the self-respect of women, which prevents them from marrying a man who has divorced his wives too freely. The privilege of perfect freedom in this respect is said to be rarely abused. Divorce is very rare, a fact attributable equally, perhaps, to the high position occupied by women in Burmese society, the care with which marriage contracts are entered into and the extreme evenness of temper which characterizes both sexes.—[London Times.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—Mix together two cupfuls of graham flour, a cupful of milk, one of chopped raisins, a cupful of molasses and one egg beaten light, a teaspoonful of salt, and one of soda, dissolved in a little water. Pour into the pudding pan, allowing plenty of room to rise. Cover tightly and boil three hours, adding boiling water as the water around the pudding dish wastes. Serve with any kind of sweet sauce.

PEACH CAKE.—Mix together one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt and one gill of sugar. Rub through a sieve and add a gill and a half of milk, one well-beaten egg and three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Spread this in a well-buttered shallow cake pan. Cover the top of the dough with peaches, pared and cut in halves. Sprinkle three tablespoonfuls of sugar over this and bake in a moderately hot oven for half an hour. Slide the cake upon a warm platter and serve hot with sugar and cream.

BROILED WHITE FISH, MAITRE D'HOTEL.—Pare off the fins, wash well, wipe dry and slit a large whitefish down the back; remove the spine, season with salt and pepper, baste with oil, broil to a nice color and well; slide on a dish, spread a soft maitre d'hotel sauce over the fish, garnish with quartered lemon and serve. For the sauce: Knead the desired quantity of mellow table butter with finely chopped and pressed parsley and lemon juice. Use it unmelted with different preparations.

INDIA RUBBER.

HOW IT IS GATHERED IN BRAZILIAN FORESTS.

Gashing the Rubber Tree and Collecting the White Juice—The Operation of "Smoking"—The Rubber Trade.

NEVER say that the twelve-foot globe in the Brazilian section of the Shoe and Leather Building is made of "India rubber." Call it Para rubber or Baron de Marajo, the Brazilian Commissioner, will make a correction. He will say that Para rubber is the best rubber in the world, and that all other rubbers are imitations. He will then lead the way to the enormous rubber sphere, which has its axis resting on the polished stump of a rubber tree, and will point out ten different varieties of rubber, each from a different river.

The Baron is high authority on rubber and has all the simple appliances used by the seringueiro or rubber-gatherer for tapping the trees and collecting the milk. He also has the queer inverted vase-like fumatory or furnace, the wooden mold and nuts of the urucury tree, used as fuel for preparing the crude rubber.

The seringueiro begins work about 8 o'clock in the morning. He carries with him a little hatchet like a miniature tomahawk, and going along the estrada, a winding path through the forest, makes small cuts in the bark of the rubber tree. Under each gash he fastens a little tin or clay cup, to collect the white sap which drips from the wound. He goes on blazing a line of trees until noon. Then he retraces his steps with a bucket or gourd and collects the sap from the drip cups. Some of the rubber gatherers prefer to work at night, and to collect the milk in the morning. The gatherers empty their buckets of rubber juice into a large vessel, and the work of smoking begins. This is done to harden the sap.

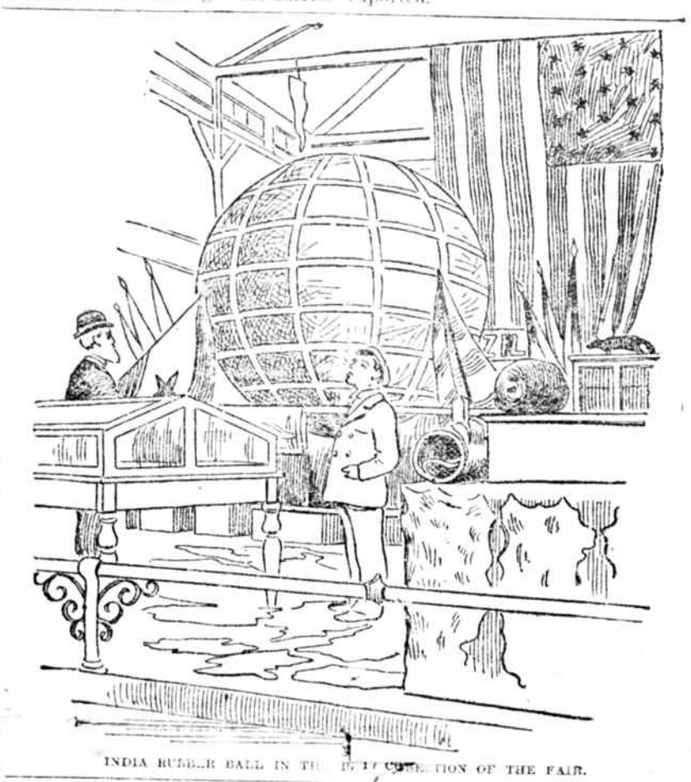
The furnace is set up in a hut or on a terrace, and a fire is built under it of the nuts of the urucury, a species of palm tree. It makes a fierce smoke, which pours from the circular opening in the top of the furnace. The workman, sitting beside his fire, with a round wooden paddle dips it into the

RUBBER GATHERER.

sap. It clings in a thin layer to the mold, which is turned in the smoke until the water in the sap evaporates. When this is done a thin sheet of solid rubber is left on the paddle. The operation is repeated until a ball of rubber about the size of a man's head is formed. With a keen knife two lateral slashes to the paddle are made, and the wooden center is taken out. The rubber is exposed to the smoke to finish the drying process, and is then ready to be sent to the nearest shipping point.

The product of rubber from Para in 1839 amounted to 426,300 kilogrammes, valued at 237,458,009 reis. One thousand reis are equal to fifty-four cents. In 1892 the rubber produced had increased to 16,891,888 kilogrammes, valued at 45,000,505,551 reis. The visitor to the shoe and leather building will find rubber boots and shoes everywhere but in the Brazilian section. Yet Brazil used to export rubber shoes by the thousands. Up to 1840 rubber was exported almost exclusively in the form of shoes. But the business dwindled, for crude rubber went out instead of the manufactured product. American, English, French and German manufacturers improved the method of manufacturing rubber shoes and asked for the crude rubber. This conditions of affairs lowered the exportation of rubber shoes, and, although in 1850 138,883 pairs were shipped from Brazil, in 1854 exportation ceased, and since then nothing but smoked rubber has been exported.

HOUSE ON A RUBBER PLANTATION.



INDIA RUBBER BALL IN THE EXPOSITION OF THE FAIR.

Rubber for foreign trade is divided into fine, entrefine and sernamby. The last variety is made from the residues of the coagulated sap that escapes from the cups and flows along the trees or drips to the ground.

Rubber was first brought to the attention of Europeans by La Condamine, a Spanish astronomer. In 1741 he arrived in Para on his return from a commission, on which he was sent with other Spanish and French astronomers for the purpose of making geodetic observations in order to determine the real form of the earth. He did not confine himself to star-gazing, for in several important scientific works which he published he gave Europe information of great value regarding the principal natural products of Brazil. One of them was rubber, which, up to that time, had been unknown to Europeans.—Chicago Record.

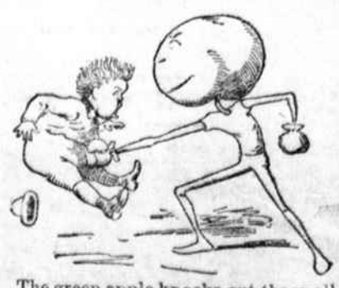
A Balloon Plant.

There is a very curious plant to be found growing in the vicinity of Oroville, in this State. The fruit is yellow and a little larger than an egg, and appears like an empty [illegible] than a solid, though it contains a watery substance which evaporates or dries up when the fruit is full ripe, leaving a sort of gas inside the fruit which is lighter than air. This inflated, bag-like fruit flips back and forth in the wind till it finally breaks loose from its slender stem, sails up into the air, rising 100 or more feet and finally disappearing over the hill. Oroville (Cal.) Mercury.

Wild Flax.

There are three species of wild flax that have yellow flowers; the cultivated species, which has blue flowers, also appears as a weed quite frequently, the seeds being mixed with those of grains. All are annual, but some increase by suckers from the base of the stems, which makes them perennial, in a way. These weeds are easily killed if prevented from seeding by plowing in the late summer by growing such crops as are cultivated, as potatoes, corn, or peas. The first two crops are the best for this purpose.—New York Times.

"Knocked Out."



The green apple knocks out the small boy with a hit below the belt.—Life.